



# **Boyfriend**

**NemiMontoya**

## Boyfriend by NemiMontoya

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**Summary:**

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He waited a few seconds, then said it again, a little louder.

"Boyfriend."

# Boyfriend

## Author's Note:

I always worry that I'm overdoing the fluff - really overdoing it - but I can't help myself. These two just inspire cuteness. Hope you like!

*"Boyfriend."*

Eddie Kaspbrak turned over in his bed, a giddy smile on his lips. It seemed as if that word had a whole new meaning to it now. That word meant a lightness, a trembling, fluttering, *expanding* feeling beginning deep inside his chest and spreading out through his body. It meant dark locks of hair, a goofy smile, freckled cheeks and beautiful eyes peering out at the world from behind Coke-bottle glasses. It meant lips pressed softly against his own. It meant arms holding him, hands touching his hair, his face. It meant a smartass voice that annoyed the hell out of him, and he was counting the hours until he could hear it again.

He sighed happily into his pillow. He lay still in his darkened bedroom, listening. He could very faintly hear his mother snoring in her bedroom, fast asleep.

"Boyfriend," Eddie whispered.

He waited a few seconds, then said it again, a little louder.

*"Boyfriend."*

His cheeks were beginning to ache from all the smiling, but it was impossible to stop.

*"Boyfriend."*

He turned over again, grinning up at the ceiling.

"Richie Tozier is my boyfriend."

Glancing at the clock, he saw that it was a little over half past

midnight. He was wide awake, and would probably be unable to sleep for at least a couple of hours. But that was okay, when he was this... happy. When was the last time he had been this happy? He couldn't remember. He didn't think he ever had been this happy before.

"Happy. I'm Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier is my boyfriend and I'm happy."

The next morning his mother was peering at him through narrowed eyes. He guessed (quite accurately) that she was trying to think of an excuse to keep him from going out to meet his friends. Eddie ate his breakfast as quickly as possible before she could come up with one, and hurried out. He was supposed to meet up with the rest of the Losers outside the arcade, but he was a little early. Still, as he approached the arcade he found Richie had already arrived. Unnoticed by him, Eddie observed him for a few moments, a fond smile on his lips.

*"That's my boyfriend."*

Richie was looking at himself in a window, combing his fingers through his hair, then leaned closer to the window, studying his reflection critically. Then, leaning back, he took off his glasses, breathed on the lenses and polished them on his shirt. When he was done with that, he put the glasses back on, smoothed down his shirt and leaned against the wall, changing position a couple of times as if trying to determine which one looked coolest. Giggling softly, Eddie walked up to him. Richie grinned widely when he spotted him.

"Top o' the mornin' to ye, dear Eds!"

"Morning, dipshit!" Eddie replied, trying (and failing) to look annoyed. Digging into his pocket, Richie fished out a few coins, nodding at the arcade.

"They got something new in there, and since the others aren't here yet I was thinking we could..."

"I'm not in the mood to play games."

"It's not a game, it's..." Richie cleared his throat. "It's one of those

photo booths. I thought we could take pictures... of us."

"Oh." Eddie stood still for a moment, processing this information. Then he grabbed a fistful of Richie's shirt and dragged Richie into the arcade.

"Where? Where is it?"

"Holy Polaroid, Batman, I almost dropped the money! I take it you like the idea?"

Eddie lit up when he spotted the photo booth in a corner and rushed towards it, almost making Richie trip in the process.

"Put the coins in, hurry!" he said eagerly, bouncing on his feet. Snorting, Richie did as he asked, and they got in and pulled the curtain closed.

"Now, we should try to do a different pose for each picture, like they do in the movies," Eddie said seriously, "...and it will not be necessary for you to make any damn stupid faces!" he added glaring darkly at Richie, who saluted.

"Sir, yes sir!"

Their four shots were taken, and Richie did indeed make silly faces for the first two, just as Eddie had expected, but for the third he hugged Eddie and sweetly pressed a kiss to his forehead, and for the last Eddie turned his head and kissed Richie back on the cheek.

"I bet they'll come out great. This was a really good idea," Eddie said, giving Richie another hug, and a quick kiss.

"I sometimes get 'em," he grinned.

"You're a great boyfriend, you know."

Richie giggled a bit at that, cheeks reddening, and the thought occurred to Eddie that Richie was just as excited about that word as Eddie was.

"Well..." Richie looked at the curtain reluctantly. "We'd better get

out of the booth, before someone out there thinks we're in here sucking face. Not that I don't want to!" he added quickly. "It's just..."

"I know," Eddie nodded.

It's not safe.

"And I don't want any assholes pervin' on us either! I like it best when I have you all to myself, my sweet Eds," Richie said, ruffling Eddie's hair. "Although..." he peered out the curtain. It was still early, and not many people were at the arcade yet, and no one was near the corner where the booth was. So Richie pulled Eddie closer and kissed him, pressing his lips softly against Eddie's, moving them together so slow and gentle that Eddie could feel small his stomach and toes tingling.

"Wow..." Eddie thought as they pulled apart, and Richie must have been able to guess what he was thinking because a self-satisfied smirk spread over his face, and he slid out of the booth.

The pictures really did come out great. Richie handed them to Eddie, letting him pick out two first. Eddie decided right away on the one with Richie kissing his forehead, and another with Richie making a stupid face. His eyes were crossed and he was sticking out his tongue, and Eddie was looking into the camera with an expression both exasperated and amused. He tore them off and handed Richie the other two.

"Cool," he said, slipping them into his pocket. "Now I have pictures of my honey to look at when I'm lying in bed and can't sleep." Then he winked and started walking towards the exit where the other Losers had started arriving. Watching him, Eddie found himself ready to admit something he had already known deep down without really understanding it: that this went way beyond any crush.

This was love.

"Hurry up, Eddie Spaghetti!" Richie called.

"I'm coming, dumbass!" Eddie called back, carefully put his pictures in his pocket and hurried after Richie.

Outside, all the Losers were now gathered. Stan's mom had packed sandwiches and snacks for them all, Bill had brought a stack of comic books and so had Bev, along with her cassette player, so they hopped up on their bikes and headed off to spend a lazy day at the Barrens. Spreading a blanket under the shade of a tree, they settled down to read, eat and have friendly arguments over which mixtape to listen to. Richie did a very poor Sean Connery-voice while Bev tossed grapes at him which he tried to catch in his mouth. Most of them just bounced off his chin and fell down on the blanket, but he did manage to catch the occasional one:

"Yesh, thank you mish Money Penny, that wash a very delicoush grape. They would go marverlously with a vodka martini, shaken not shtaahd. Tosh me another one, dear."

Eddie looked at him over the top of the comic book he was pretending to read while trying to adjust to the realization that had struck him earlier. It was difficult to comprehend how an emotion could feel this... vast. He was a little bit overwhelmed by it. He wondered whether he dared tell Richie right away, or if maybe he should wait. The Three Words were a huge deal. You couldn't say it, just like that... could you?

Glancing around at the Losers - Bill and Ben discussing the plot of a book they both liked while Stan told Mike about how the lady next door had screamed so loud when she caught her son smoking dope in the garage that someone called the cops thinking she was being murdered - and wondered when they should tell them that he and Richie were together. He both wanted and didn't want to tell them. He wanted to be open with their friends, but at the same time it was kind of nice to have this one thing to themselves. He supposed they would tell them all sometime soon, but for now was perfectly fine with keeping it secret.

Richie tried to catch one last grape thrown by Bev, but missed. He snatched it off the blanket, popped into his mouth and grabbed a comic lying next to Eddie, chewing noisily on his grape. Eddie narrowed his eyes at him.

"I was gonna read that."

"So? You're reading something else right now, aren't you?"

"I'm finished with this one. Give that back, you can have this instead."

"Fuck no, I want to read this one."

"What the hell for, you don't even like Archie!"

"Do, too!"

"I said give it back!"

"Aw, for f-f-f-fuck's sake," said Bill, rolling his eyes. "C-c-can't you t-t-two ever get al-l-long?"

Eddie heard Bev let out a snort of laughter, and he glanced at her. She was looking at a comic, so that *could* have been the reason, but there was something in her expression that made him wonder if perhaps she knew. Glancing around he thought he saw Mike trying to hide a smile as well, but none of the others had so much as a trace of that knowing look on their faces. If it really was true that Bev or Mike knew about him and Richie, then he was glad that they apparently weren't going to say anything about it to the others until he and Richie were ready to tell.

"My dear Bill," said Richie, who hadn't noticed anything. "Young Kaspbrak and I get along swimmingly. This bickering comes from a place of love. How can anyone not love such a cutie? Just look at this face."

Richie pinched his cheek, smiling warmly at him.

"So cute."

"Quit it!" Eddie snapped, swatting his hand away. "I hate it when you do that."

*"No I don't. I like it, but no fucking way in hell am I ever telling you that."*

Later, when it became time to go leave, Richie followed Eddie home.



On the way they found a secluded spot and hid themselves there to spend a few minutes kissing. Eddie caressed the fine hairs in the back of Richie's neck and sighed happily against his lips.

"Today was fun."

"Yeah."

"Do you think we should tell the others about us?"

"I guess so, soon. But not yet."

Eddie nodded, and smiled.

"I'm glad we got those pictures."

"Yeah." Richie's mouth spread in his most obnoxious grin. "I might go back tomorrow to get some shirtless ones of myself, for your mom. I bet it'd make her day."

Eddie aimed a half-hearted kick at his shin, too happy to pretend to be annoyed at the moment.

He took a deep breath.

"Uhm... Richie?"

"Hm?"

Another deep breath.

"I love you."

Richie's eyes widened. For a moment, he just stood frozen, but then he smiled. Eddie thought he might make some stupid joke about it, but he just pulled Eddie close and pressed their foreheads together.

"I love you, too, Eddie."

Just like that.

And Eddie, who had begun the day already being impossibly happy, now felt that feeling increase to the point that it was almost

physically painful. He floated home on cloud nine. Head and heart full of pleasant thoughts, he didn't eat much of his supper. His mother jumped on that as an excuse to worry and send him to bed early. Eddie didn't protest. Being left alone in his room was all he wanted right now. When he was sure his mother wouldn't come barging in to check up on him he fished the photo booth pictures out of his pocket. He sat down at his desk, took out his best pen and turned the pictures over to write the date on the back. Then, as neatly as he could he wrote:

*Me and Richie.*

He looked at the words, tilting his head. Smiling, he added in parenthesis:

*(My boyfriend.)*